POLICE · BUDGET · EDITION

EDITED BY HAROLD FURNISS

FAMOUS CRIMES

PAST AND PRESENT

ONE · PENNY

DOUGAL ATTENDS THE INQUEST AT THE MOAT FARM.

Vol. II. No. 26.

The Murder at the MOAT FARM

The Secret Slaying of Miss Camille Holland by Samuel Herbert Dougal.

"Foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes."
—HAMLET, Act I., Sc. 2.

PART III.

IN the little greenhouse attached to the Moat Farm lay the ghastly remains which had been taken from the trench by the police. A rude table, constructed of boards and boxes, supported the mud-encrusted figure, decently shrouded from view with sacking.

News that a discovery had been made was flashed far and wide throughout the kingdom, and the crowd of sight-seers who flocked to the site of the tragedy increased daily, only to find that when they reached the spot they could see nothing. The windows of the greenhouse were curtained with canvas, the pit from which the corpse had been removed was surrounded by a screen, and all admission was denied save to those who bore police passes. Still people stood round and gossipped as to what they thought was going on inside the glass annexe, their conjectures being very far from the truth. Ever and anon some local witness, who had been called to aid in the identification of the body, or of some garment, emerged from the premises, and at once became the centre of an eager throng. The look of importance on the faces of these persons would have been amusing if the occasion was not such a sad one.

"Oh, it was 'orrid! I tell 'ee it's brutal!" was all the information to be gathered from the fortunate few, but even simple sentences such as these were readily expanded by the gossip-mongers. "Poor thing," one would say, "you can tell by what she says that the body's awful mangled. No, she didn't exactly say that, but I know by 'er manner." This would be improved upon by the next retailer of horrors, who added that one arm had been cut off, the face battered beyond recognition, and the body terribly mutilated, and so on till the latest accounts stated that the body had been found in fragments.

Leaving the chatterers to entertain one another with fresh versions of the imaginary scenes which they had conjured up, let us peep into the chamber of death and see for ourselves what really transpired there.

During the Tuesday following on the discovery, several persons who were known to have been in contact with Miss Holland were taken into the little greenhouse by the police and shown various articles which had been found near the body of the poor woman, and others asked if they could recognise the black mass which was said to be all that was left of some female.

With their casual glances we have little to do now, but on the Wednesday afternoon the greenhouse was the scene of one of the most remarkable examinations in criminal history. About 3 p.m., Dr. Pepper, a Home Office expert, and Dr. Sprague entered the Moat Farm to see what they could elicit from the discovery made by the police.

After removing the sacking with which the remains were covered, the expert measured them as they lay on their rude bed, and noted that the total length was 5ft. 1in., so that probably the person when alive was slightly taller. Then with the utmost care Dr. Pepper commenced to wash off the thick mud with which the whole body was caked. The process was tedious, for the greatest possible precautions had to be taken not to pull away portions of the garments adhering to the dirt. After an hour's hard work it was possible to commence removing the clothing. Each article had held together well, but all the linen was frightfully discoloured, so that it was futile to attempt at that time to distinguish any mark on the garments. One by one the clothes were taken off, and, after examination, handed to the police, to be used in furthering the work of identification.

At last the body was stripped, and it was seen that the remains were those of a woman well past the prime of life. The damp position in which it had lain for so long had transformed all the soft tissues of the body into adipocere, a species of fatty compound, the direct product of decomposition. The face was totally unrecognisable, the flesh being almost entirely eaten away, and the skull white and bare in some places.

The condition of the corpse rendered it impossible to do more than make an external examination of the trunk, but the skull could be more carefully examined. Behind the right ear, and rather above it, the doctors found a circular hole, while on the neck were marks which might be the result of blood running down. The puncture in the head warranted further investigation, and the top of the skull-cap was sawn off, exposing the brain, which was not nearly so much decomposed as the rest of the body.

Cutting into the brain substance, Dr. Pepper was able to trace a wound leading from the external aperture, right across the brain, and pressed hard up against the bone, and slightly bulging it out; on the opposite side of the head was a bullet. It was clear, then, to the pathologists that the unfortunate woman had met her death by a pistol shot, while from the position of both wound and body it was impossible for the case to be one of suicide.

Dr. Pepper

The corpse of a murdered person lay before them.

In all, three hours were occupied in making the post-mortem examination, and then the body was clad in grave-clothes, and made ready for the tomb after it had played one more part in this grim tragedy.

Late on the day of the post-mortem a police officer attended at Cambridge Gaol and saw Dougal. The interview was brief, the constable contenting himself with telling Dougal that a body had been found at the Moat Farm, and asking him if he would like to be present at the inquest which was to be opened on the following morning. The prisoner turned a little pale at the news, and quietly replied that he would attend if convenient to the police. When the visitor left, Dougal sat down on his bed, overwhelmed with fearful thoughts. Was it possible that the remains of Miss Holland, whom he had declared was alive, had been found? Could it be proved that Miss Holland was dead? Possibly; but no one could prove who the murderer was, or how the victim had met her death. After a little he cheered up, and ate his supper, then he retired for the night.

Thursday, April 30th, opened dismally, heavy sheets of rain pouring down, rendering everything melancholy, but no spot was more dreary than the Moat Farm. At an early hour Dougal was brought from Cambridge to Newport Station, it being feared that the crowd at Clavering would be too hostile; nevertheless, the public managed to learn of the arrangement, and a throng of people assembled in the wet to hoot the accused man as he was taken from the train to the closed carriage which was to convey him to the Moat Farm where the inquest was to be held. Looking frightened and cowed, the prisoner was hustled through the crush of

people who were booing and hooting him, and in an instant the carriage drove off. But Dougal had not yet escaped from his tormentors; a large body of yokels ran after the vehicle for quite half a mile, uttering yells and shrieks of execration. At last, however, the pace was too much for them, and the angry mob was left behind, and Dougal had a few minutes in which to collect his thoughts before he had to face an equally excited gathering at his old home.

Mrs. Wiskin.

As the carriage was sighted by the watchers around the Moat Farm, a shout which must have shaken the very fibres of the accused's heart, if he had any feeling left, went up from the waiting throng. A rush was made for the cab, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the strong guard of police managed to keep the surging masses from forcing their way into the yard and attacking the man whom they had met to curse. By dint of a little skilful manœuvring, however, Dougal was brought into the house in safety, and taken into the dining-room. There a rather important ceremony had to be performed.

Dougal was standing beside the fireplace, with his back to the greenhouse and its dreadful contents, when Detective-Inspector Marden stepped up to him and said, "Samuel Herbert Dougal, I shall now charge you with the wilful murder of Miss Camille Holland by shooting her on or about May 19th, 1899. You are not obliged to say anything, but whatever you do say I shall take down in writing, and it may be used as evidence against you." The accused glanced at the inspector, a grey, weary look passed over his face, but he made no reply, merely waving his hand with a gesture of assent. His thoughts were too deep to enable him to speak at all; something had led the police to suspect him of murder; his position was getting perilous. However, there was no proof that he had done anything to the lady, and as he grew calmer, Dougal became more reassured, and before he was led into the place where the inquest was to be held he had recovered his calmness.

Henry Pilgrim.

Across the farmyard stands an old, tumbledown barn, and it was there that the coroner, Mr. Lewis, decided to open the inquest on the body which had been discovered. Rough boards had been hastily nailed together to form benches for the accommodation of the Press and the witnesses and jury, while a table had been brought from the house for the use of the coroner. It was a curious scene, the court held in that barn. The great twisted rafters, covered with the dust of ages, stretching across the pent roof; the fitful rays of light which entered the building only by the door, and through a few holes in the battered tiles, for windows there were none; the anxious face of the prisoner, the angry mob without, the jury, grave and almost frightened, with a clergyman as the foreman; and, lastly, the glimpse of the tent-covered grave, seen through the open door, carried one back, in fancy, to the early days of civilisation, when courts of justice as well as coroners' quests were held at the spot nearest to the scene of the commission of a crime, either under the open canopy of heaven, or in some rude shelter constructed out of branches of trees.

The jury were then sworn in and taken to the conservatory, where they inspected the body. That done, the coroner briefly addressed them, and the solicitor for the Treasury proceeded to call evidence. The first witness was Sergeant Scott, who described minutely the finding of the body, as we gave it in our last chapter. He then said that

Became the centre of an eager throng.

he had heard that a Mrs. Wiskin knew the deceased or missing woman, Miss Holland, and before he took Wiskin into the presence of the remains he had asked her if she could describe any of Miss Holland's clothing, and she had done so, accurately picturing a dress which was actually found on the remains. Mrs. Wickin had also identified a number of articles found on or with the body, and that lady was next put into the witness-box.

She said that she recognised a skirt and bodice (produced in court) as worn by Camille Holland, and also a tortoiseshell comb and a bustle. The boots shown to her were exactly like those worn by the missing lady. They were remarkable for their small size. The skirt and bodice she identified by some braid which she had sewn on the garments herself, and also by some silk and fresh lining which were part of her own handiwork. A peculiar hair frame found near the skull of the corpse was then shown to the witness, who declared that it was similar to one worn by Miss Holland. In her own mind, Mrs. Wiskin had no doubt that the remains were those of the missing lady.

Florence Blackwell, who was a servant at the Moat Farm when Miss Holland disappeared, next gave evidence. She said that on the day she last saw Miss Holland that lady had set off to do some shopping with Dougal. She did not come back. Then Florence detailed what happened on that evening, how Dougal kept going out and coming in again, finally saying that the mistress had lost the last train from London, and would stop with friends for a day or so, all of which has been already chronicled in the last chapter. While at the farm, Miss Holland was known as "Mrs. Dougal."

At this stage the inquest was adjourned for a week. While Dougal was being removed from the Moat Farm to the station, his carriage was surrounded by a howling mob, which hissed and booed at him, some more adventurous persons even making frantic efforts to reach him with their fists. His life, however, was too precious to be sacrificed to the fury of an angry populace, and the police protected him as carefully as if he had been a visiting prince. On the following day he was brought before the Saffron Walden justices, who were informed of the alteration in the charge against him, and at once remanded him for five days. As he was leaving the Town Hall at Saffron Walden, one old lady was so overcome by her feelings that she made a rush at the prisoner and tried to beat him over the head with her umbrella, the crowd cheering her vociferously. With a smile the police restrained the infuriated dame, and protected Dougal from one of the sex on whom he had hitherto preyed successfully.

THE PRISONER WAS HUSTLED BY THE CROWD.

As the evidence which was adduced at the inquest, and which the prosecution elicited before the magistrates, is identical, we will not take the two separately from now, but will only describe the main facts which were brought forward by the witnesses to prove that the body discovered was really that of Miss Holland, that she was murdered, and that the murderer was Dougal. We may mention here that the subsequent sittings of the inquest were held at the Parish Hall, Newport.

To outward appearance, Dougal feared the hostility of the public far more than the possibility of being found guilty of one of the foulest murders of modern times, but this was not really so. The careful observer could notice that whenever a point was made by the Treasury which seemed to tighten the net around him, the prisoner momentarily turned pale, but almost instantly recovered himself, as if he had reassured himself with, "After all, that proves nothing. No one could have seen me."

Among the articles found in the farm was a box of revolver cartridges which Sergeant Scott produced. Dougal was also known to have had a revolver in his possession for some time, and had used it for starting some races. The ammunition was of the size which would have fitted that revolver.

The first really important evidence brought before the courts was that of Dr. Pepper, who examined the body. He said that he had performed a post-mortem at the request of the Home Office. After describing the condition of the corpse, he said that there was no injury to the body other than the bullet wound in the head, and passing through the brain, to account for death. Such a wound could not be self-inflicted. It would cause instantaneous insensibility, which would merge rapidly into death, even if death were not immediate. He produced the bullet found in the skull, and on comparing it with a bullet extracted from one of the cartridges found in the Moat Farm, it was seen that the bases of both were identical. The missile from the body weighed eighty-five grains, while one of the new bullets was nearly three grains heavier. This discrepancy in weight was due to a small ring of lead peeling off the projectile when fired, and also to the loss of the lubricant with which all

such bullets are furnished. The ring of lead was found just inside the aperture, and weighed two grains.

The fatal shot was probably fired quite close to the head of the deceased, but the decomposition of the body prevented him from saying exactly how near the muzzle of the pistol was to the right ear, as no traces of blackening could be distinguished. In height the dead woman was about five feet four inches, and her age between fifty and sixty.

Mr. C. F. Gill, K.C.

The teeth in the head of the corpse were particularly well formed, and were all present with the exception of the left upper wisdom tooth, which had been extracted some considerable time before death. Four teeth in the lower and three in the upper jaw had been carefully stopped. Dr. Sprague corroborated this evidence.

Then came Kate Cranwell, who, it will be remembered, was said to have signed letters with Miss Holland's name at the request of the prisoner.

She did not mention that matter at all, but she said that she had seen letters for Miss Holland opened and read by the prisoner. That was sufficient to show that he knew she was missing, or where she was. But suddenly she sprung a much more important piece of evidence on the court. She had actually seen Dougal's revolver. It was a fairly new one. Dougal was in possession of it as late as the summer of 1902, when it had been used at the Coronation sports held at Clavering. She had also seen Dougal taking the bullets out of some of the cartridges and putting paper in instead, to make blanks.

Mr. Elliott.

"Your memory gets better as we go on," remarked Mr. Newton.

Witness: "Yes; I think more about it."

Mr. Newton: "You talk it over with the police, I suppose?"

Witness: "No, I do not."

The solicitor for the defence then cross-examined the witness concerning some linen which she had been in doubt about as to whether it was really marked with Miss Holland's initials, and the girl excused herself for her inaccuracy by pleading that Mr. Newton "bothered her so."

Dougal listened to this young woman's evidence with marked attention, and at her mention of the revolver turned and gazed fixedly at her. Then he smiled grimly to himself, passed his hand over his forehead, and resumed his usual stolid demeanour, but it was clear that he had not counted on the fact that he had a pistol in his possession being discovered. The passages of arms between his solicitor and witnesses interested him immensely.

After evidence as to certain articles found in the prisoner's possession being really the property of Camille Holland, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of WILFUL MURDER against Samuel Herbert Dougal, adding that the body was that of Miss Holland, and that the murder took place about half-past six on the evening of May 19th, 1899. On hearing this announcement, Dougal rose and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, I am a perfectly innocent man." That night he was taken back to Cambridge Gaol, very depressed and gloomy, quite a different person to the jaunty man who had been arrested for forgery.

Camille Holland was buried on May the 12th, in Saffron Walden churchyard, a large number of sympathisers following the simple funeral, and reverently listening to the burial

Dougal is charged with the murder.

service read over the woman who had already been for four years lying in an unhallowed grave.

To strengthen the case against Dougal, now committed for trial on the coroner's warrant, the Treasury called Mr. Gurrin, the noted expert on handwriting. He first dealt with the celebrated cheque for £28 15s., which led up to this charge of murder, and was of the opinion that the whole document was in the disguised handwriting of the prisoner. He then made the remarkable statement that he fully believed that not a single paper purporting to be signed or written by Miss Holland since May 19th, 1899, was really in her handwriting.

This testimony, though merely a matter of opinion, and not of proven fact, disturbed the prisoner very much, for he saw that the toils were encircling him, and that unless Mr. Newton could bring something very strong to rebut this string of evidence, he must assuredly be in danger of his life.

Mr. Mold, a bootmaker, of London, followed Mr. Gurrin, and he identified the boots found on the body as

made by himself for Miss Holland. They bore his name, and were lined with a special wool for the deceased lady.

Then came another little surprise for the accused. He had insisted to Superintendent Pryke that he had driven Miss Holland to Stansted Station on the night of the 19th of May, and when he had returned at 8.30 he told the servant that Miss Holland had gone to London, and would return by the last train that evening. It was well after 6 p.m. when the couple left the Moat Farm, and it was proved that therefore the only train Miss Holland could have caught would not have reached London till 10.56 p.m., whereas the last train from town to Stansted left Liverpool Street Station at two minutes after ten. This was a little point, but it told against the prisoner, being an example of the small acts of carelessness which most murderers commit.

A gunsmith then gave formal evidence as to the penetrating power of the cartridges found in the farm, and

Dougal thinks it over.

stated that in his opinion the projectile found in the skull was identical with those taken from the house. He thought that the weapon was not more than a foot away from the head when the fatal shot was fired. He had made experiments to prove his assertion.

"But not on skulls, I hope," commented Mr. Newton.

A little more purely formal evidence connected with the alleged forgery, and with the various residences of the prisoner, was given, and then the Chairman of the Bench announced that it was the intention of the magistrates to send Samuel Herbert Dougal to take his trial on the charges of murder and of forgery at the next Assizes held at Chelmsford.

"My client pleads not guilty, and reserves his defence. We have an answer to these charges," replied the solicitor for the prisoner.

Then Dougal was taken to the cells to await transference to Chelmsford Gaol, Cambridge having seen the last of him. As he was conducted to his temporary waiting-room, he remarked to one of his guards, "It's a twenty to one chance on my getting off. I am innocent. They can't prove anything."

Established in Chelmsford, Dougal had to make preparations for his trial, and his solicitor visited him frequently. The pair talked over the whole scheme of defence until it was clear to the lawyer that there was really a very slender chance of his being able to secure his client's acquittal. Dougal was hopeful at the outset, but when he began to realise that if he was to escape the gallows he must have something tangible to put forward, and when he found that he had really nothing to urge, no means of explaining his multitudinous lies, he felt the ground slipping from under his feet. He became sullen and morose, sitting for long hours in a brown study, pondering over the fate which would be in store for him if he could not supply some more material to the gentlemen who were to plead in his defence when the day of the trial came.

We can imagine the burning thoughts which crowded through his brain as he realised that only ten days remained for him to prepare the plea which was to save him from an ignominious death. Ten short days! Why, fifteen had passed and he had done nothing! Never mind; he would think. So scheme after scheme came into his head, only to be blotted out ere he had grasped its details by the black shadow of the beam and rope. Five more days! There is still time to invent something. The night brings no peace to the haunted man. He dozes for an instant or two, only to awake in a cold sweat, fearing that it is already morn, and no plan evolved from that brain which was once so prolific of plots. Tossing, he lies on his bed, trying his hardest to think, but no thought will come to him save the ever-present phantasm of the fate which he knows he has merited. So he spends his nights. Dawn breaks, and the haggard prisoner rises to face the day, thankful that the night with its horrors is past, fearful of the approach of the trial which is to determine his doom.

At last the day has come. There is now no time to devise a mode of escape from those who cry for his blood in atonement for the blood which he has shed. With a sigh he dresses himself in readiness to meet his accusers.

Like one in a dream he passes through the corridors of the prison, enters the van, and is driven to the Assize Court. Still dazed, he hears a voice call, "Samuel Herbert Dougal." The moment has come. Pulling himself together, he ascends the steps, and the next instant he is in the dock, facing the judge who is to preside at his trial. All nervousness has now left him; the enormous store of self-possession which had deserted him when alone in the prison cell returns again, and he is the calm, impassive prisoner with whom our readers are well acquainted.

Without wavering, he pleads "Not Guilty," and then sits down to listen to the impressive, though moderate, address of the counsel for the Crown.

Mr. Gill, K.C., dramatically told the jury the history of the case, showing how the prisoner's own statements bore evidence against him, contending that on the evening of May 19th, 1899, the accused shot Miss Holland, and threw her body into the ditch from which it was removed four years later. Then he called Mr. Holland, who was about to enter on the story of the forgeries, when he was stopped by the defending counsel, and the judge decided that the witness must confine himself to the murder charge alone.

Mr. Holland then gave evidence of his first charging Dougal with forgery, and of his subsequent identification of articles belonging to Miss Holland. Mrs. Wiskin repeated the evidence which she had already given, and Mrs. Florence Blackwell told of the doings on the evening of the 19th of May, all of which we now know. Sergeant Scott, Superintendent Pryke, and Mr. Mold also gave evidence similar to that heard in the inferior courts, while Professor Pepper again described the post-mortem examination, and the conclusions he had come to. That ended the first day's trial.

On account of the enormous number of witnesses which it was stated the Treasury intended to call, it was generally anticipated that the trial would last a week, and accordingly it was commenced on Monday, June 22nd. At the close of that day's trial, however, it was recognised that the elimination of the charge of forgery would materially shorten the

case, and hopes were entertained that three days, or, at the most, four, would be sufficient to sift the evidence and enable the jury to arrive at a verdict. Prophets, however, were mistaken.

On Tuesday the court was crowded, but not to quite such an extent as it was on the previous day, when standing room could not be obtained for a long time before the judge ascended the Bench, but, as before, ladies were very conspicuous amongst the spectators whom curiosity had drawn to the Shire Hall to see a fellow-being plead for his life. At ten o'clock Dougal was placed in the dock again, looking haggard, his eyes sunk, and their gleam accentuated by the puffiness underneath them. His features showed evident traces of mental anxiety, but he managed to preserve his self-control in a remarkable manner.

The evidence for the prosecution was continued, the gunsmith, Mr. Churchill, telling the jury of his experiments with the cartridges found in the farm. A labourer, Mr. Pilgrim, then spoke to the orders given for filling in the ditch between the farmyard and the moat, and said that on one occasion Dougal assisted. A servant girl, named Burgess, was then put in the box, and said that Dougal used to intercept the postman and get the letters before they reached the house, and she was followed by Mrs. Morton, the wife of the vicar of Clavering, who told the jury of the supposed relations between Miss Holland and the prisoner, and also of the real Mrs. Dougal posing as the widowed daughter of the accused.

Proof as to the delivery of letters addressed to Miss Holland at the Moat Farm was offered by the local postmistress. Kate Cranwell then gave evidence as to clothes marked with Miss Holland's initials being left in the farm, and of her seeing them in 1901. Her sister, Eliza Cranwell, deposed that she had altered some dresses from a box with Miss Holland's name on it for the real Mrs. Dougal. She had also seen the prisoner burn a quantity of typewritten papers which had come by post.

Witnesses were then called to show that Dougal had been using portions of Miss Holland's property, and Inspector Cox told of his arrest and dash for freedom. That closed the case for the Crown.

Mr. Elliott, who will be remembered as the clever barrister who defended Chapman, the poisoner, whose story we have yet to tell, then rose to address the court on behalf of the accused. He commenced by stating that he would call no witnesses. We can imagine Dougal's feelings at this announcement, hoping, as he did to the last, that some unexpected person would turn up to prove him innocent of the charge brought against him. Now he was helpless, and could only listen to such arguments as his counsel could put forward to prevent the jury from taking the risk of convicting him.

Mr. Elliott asked the jury to dismiss all that they had read about Dougal from their minds. Mr. Gill had made a case of terrible suspicion against the prisoner, but, contended counsel, he had not proved his suspicions. There must be absolutely no doubt in the jury's minds if they were to convict the prisoner. The evidence of identification could have been stronger; also, it was strange that no marks were discovered on the clothing found on the body, while every article left in the farm was marked plainly. Again, what motive had Dougal for killing Miss Holland, since he was living on her money?

That was all that the barrister could urge on behalf of the accused, who sat listening, and nodding his head at each suggestion. Mr. Justice Wright then summed up tersely, but very lucidly. If the body wearing Miss Holland's boots was not that of Miss Holland, whose was it? The jury must remember that circumstantial evidence must be worth a lot or worth nothing. They must have no doubt if they find the prisoner guilty; if there is the least doubt they must acquit the accused. Dougal's conduct after the disappearance of Miss Holland requires attention. He made no inquiries about her, and seemed far from interested in her whereabouts. Was that consistent with the love which he was supposed to have for her? They must also remember the lies which the prisoner had told to cover the lady's departure. Who but Dougal could have killed Miss Holland?

The jury retired at a minute to four, and Dougal was led below. There he sat, listening to the ticking of the clock, all his calmness vanished, a trembling, cowering wretch. Each instant he feared to hear the summons for him to face the court again and learn his doom, yet, while dreading, he longed for the suspense to be over. In that hour he lived almost a lifetime. Great beads of perspiration rolled down his forehead, and it was evident to those who saw him that he was suffering acutely. For him each minute seemed an hour. Now, when it was too late, he could think, he could devise schemes for his defence. Why had his brain failed him before?

Presently the voice of the usher was heard, and he was hurried up to the court again. The jurors file in, looking terribly grave, bowed down by the awful responsibility which lay on their shoulders. Dougal notes them, hears their names called over, and then, in answer to the clerk's question, the dreaded word "Guilty" resounds through the court. To the question as to whether he has anything to say why he should not be sentenced to die, Dougal does not reply, but a bead of perspiration trickles down his forehead. Still he stands upright, motionless, facing the judge. There is an awful silence in the court, an ominous, awe-inspiring silence like that of some black vault—the silence that is the concert of the dead.

Mr. Justice Wright does not condescend to preface the awful sentence with any remarks, but, assuming the black cap, immediately pronounces the words which consign the living creature opposite him to the scaffold. Dougal hears the decree without flinching, then merely saying, "Thank you," he wheels round and descends the steps, passing from the eyes of the public for ever. After thanking the officers who had been employed in the case, the court was adjourned.

That evening Dougal was taken back to Chelmsford Gaol in a closed cab, and lodged in the condemned cell to await the hangman.

Lawyers' Morality.

"I asked Dr. Johnson," said Boswell, "whether, as a moralist he did not think the practice of the law, in some degree, hurt the nice feeling of honesty?"

Johnson: "Why, no, sir; if you could act properly. You are not to deceive your clients with false representations of your opinion; you are not to tell lies to a judge."

Boswell: "But what do you think of supporting a cause you know to be bad?"

Johnson: "Sir, you do not know it to be good or bad till the judge determines it. I have said that you are to state facts clearly; so that your thinking (or what you call knowing) a cause to be bad, must be from reasoning—must be from your supposing your arguments to be weak and inconclusive. But, sir, that is not enough. An argument which does not convince yourself may convince the judge to whom you urge it; and if it does convince him, why, then, sir, you are wrong and he is right. It is his business to judge; and you are not to be confident in your own opinion that a cause is bad, but to say all you can for your client, and then hear the judge's opinion."

Boswell: "But, sir, does not affecting a warmth when you have no warmth, and appearing to be clearly of one opinion when you are, in reality, of another opinion—does not such dissimulation impair one's honesty? Is there not some danger that a lawyer may put on the same mask in common life in the intercourse with his friends?"

Johnson: "Why, no, sir. Everybody knows you are paid for affecting warmth for your client; and it is, therefore, properly, no dissimulation. The moment you come from the bar you resume your usual behaviour. Sir, a man will no more carry the artifice of the bar into the common intercourse of society than a man who is paid for tumbling upon his hands will continue to tumble upon his hands when he should walk upon his feet."

EVAN & HANNAH JACOBS

THE STORY OF THE FASTING GIRL WHO WAS STARVED IN A BRIDAL DRESS.

"Poor child, of joyous summer
How soon is spent her breath!
Too frail, too young a mummer
To wanton thus with death."
—From "The Minstrel Mime," An Anonymous Poem.

WE wonder if any of the many individuals whom a morbid curiosity attracts to the exhibitions of freaks, monstrosities, and animals trained to perform unnatural feats, ever reflect on the cruelty, the frequent torture of the exhibits which are generally associated with such performances?

We think not, for our opinion of the human race is sufficiently exalted to permit of our disbelieving that the public would flock in their thousands to entertainments which they positively knew to be the result of torture and every species of cruelty conceivable.

Such exhibitions frequently reward their promoters with considerable profit; the capers of the bear, which has been taught to dance on red-hot iron, are always a source of capital to the unfortunate animal's owner; likewise the contortions of tiny children whose small bodies are beaten black and blue before they are sufficiently twisted to admit of acrobatic performances; likewise those clever dog troupes, trained, we are constantly assured, by nothing but kindness, but which in reality are flogged into the execution of the unnatural antics which the public profess to find so diverting—but enough; we cannot enumerate every item on this catalogue of pain.

The tale—the tragedy rather—that we are about to relate deals largely with one of these monstrous exhibitions, one that was at the time of which we write the most popular of its kind in the country. We imagine that in the telling of this crime we shall bring home to the hearts of our readers the wickedness—the moral criminality—of such "entertainments" more poignantly than we should possibly do by the bare recital of various notorious instances and the quotation of elaborate statistics.

In a word, our aim will be to mirror rather than to preach, chiefly because we feel that if the former function is faithfully performed the mission of the latter is consequently realised.

Some thirty-five years ago there resided in a remote and unpopulous district of Wales a family of the name of Jacobs. They were people situated in a humble position, who claimed Celtic birth, but whose name as well as their dispositions suggested rather a Hebrew origin.

The family consisted of Evan Jacobs, his wife Hannah, and their daughter Sarah.

The parents were approaching that indefinite period of life commonly known as middle age; they had travelled far in their time, experienced many vicissitudes of fortune, had a large and not altogether desirable knowledge of the world, were cunning by nature and adroit by practice.

A more dissimilar creature to the two elder Jacobses than their daughter cannot possibly be imagined. Sarah was a slim girl, with rich raven black hair that escaped all constraining bands and persisted in clustering around the fair, immobile face in glossy ringlets. Her face was immobile? Yes, it was pale—unusually so when we consider that its owner was a pronounced brunette—and even beautiful when the large, dark, lustrous eyes are considered, but for all that it lacked spirit, was passionless—indeed, its cold tranquillity resembled a marble statuette rather than the visage of a living and breathing organism. The cause of this inert serenity and this unthinking (one might almost say unfeeling) subservience of Sarah's to the wishes of her parents was not far to seek.

From her birth the girl had felt the extravagant violence of her father's easily-provoked anger; she had early learnt that disobedience meant punishment of a kind not soon forgotten; her young years were passed in constant fear of her parents' wrath, which descended upon her at the most unexpected moments, and so she gradually lost all individual desires and aspirations, and became a fearing, cringing, unquestioning slave, ready for nothing but to execute the bidding of her father and mother.

In such a spirit the unfortunate child grew up; in such a spirit passed her girlhood; in such a spirit she died.

As her years increased so did her beauty; her form was slight and unripened, but her eyes gained in lustre and her features in regularity. People stared at her in passing, attracted by her peculiar charm. It was constantly said that she was an extremely lovely child, whereas in reality she was a girl approaching womanhood, and it was remarked by those who had observed her quiet and invariably self-contained demeanour that she would make an excellent wife for some lucky man, whereas if the truth was told Sarah could no more have entered upon the cares and responsibilities of matrimony than she could have supported a crown. She had no enterprise, no initiative; she was simply a strangely-beautiful automaton, a human doll with a lovely face. But in this world of ours a lovely face does not pass long unnoticed, although many a beautiful nature sheds its radiance on sterile ground, unseen, undetected, and unsought.

The young men who lived in the neighbourhood where the Jacobses had temporarily settled began to cast amorous glances at the girl, to which she was oblivious, and to seek her society, in which efforts they were far from successful; for Sarah desired the company of no man, and engaged in friendly intercourse with no one without first asking her parents' permission.

The young men soon tired of their endeavours to provoke in Sarah a responsive warmth of heart, voted her a cold creature unworthy of their attentions, and speedily forgot all about her in the pursuit of other and more easily-snared game.

But amongst the male population of C—— there was one man of a far more persevering nature than his brethren, of stronger desires and more settled inclinations, whose heart had also been set on fire by Sarah's black eyes. This individual was capable of employing consummate ingenuity to attain a much-wished-for object, and as the whole of his concerted faculties were now concentrated on Sarah and the possible means of engaging her friendship, it is not surprising that his desire was finally fulfilled.

Jasper White inwardly discussed and tested all manner of plans to induce Sarah to give him her favourable attention, tried and tested them but to abandon them immediately afterwards as futile and useless.

At last, however, Jasper hit upon a scheme which met his fancy. He rejoiced over his ability in propounding such a plan, and, feeling sure of its ultimate success, he at once set about putting it into action.

He hunted out from the taproom of a disreputable beer-house two young men whose characters were "that they had none," and took them apart to an unfrequented plantation, "on a matter," he said, "of the most important business."

The youths, somewhat surprised and mystified at being admitted into such high society—for Jasper White was everywhere recognised as a rising man—followed him obediently, wondering what the business could be and hoping that it would turn out profitably for them.

"Wonder what he wants us for?" whispered one to the other.

"Can't say, Joe; nasty job 'e wants doing, I expect."

"Is there coin in it?"

"You bet there is, if we catch on." They had now reached the unfrequented spot which was Jasper's destination. He sat down upon the trunk of a fallen tree, and beckoned his two confederates to come nearer.

"Here we are, boys!" said he with a light laugh.

"Yes, 'ere we are, governor, but what for I can't say," observed Joe, who, having during his brief career been twice lodged for time at the Government expense, had naturally developed a cautious, if not a timorous, disposition.

"Wait and you will hear," answered Jasper.

"We're waitin', guv'nor," said Joe.

"Well, there's a girl I'm very struck with."

"A gal, eh? I can see trouble."

"Wait a bit. This young lady is of a remarkably shy disposition. She does not favour my advances."

"Wants stirring up a bit, eh?" interjected the irrepressible Joe.

"Will you wait till I've finished? Well, I want her to look upon me as a benefactor. I want her to think that she owes me a great debt of gratitude, such as a girl would owe to a man who rescued her from a great peril."

"Yes, yes, I see, guv'nor; but where do we come in?"

"Where do you come in? You're the peril."

"Eh?"

"You're the peril. You've got to wait for her here—she passes here every day about six o'clock—spring out and frighten her, and then I come upon the scene and rescue her."

Joe and his companion looked at each other in silent amazement. Joe began to whistle.

"I see," said he presently; "we pretend to assault the gal, and you pretend to rescue her The 'ole thing is a bloomin' fake?"

"WILL YOU CONFESS IT A FRAUD?"

"That's it—it's all a fake."

"What do we get for our part in the little business?"

Jasper took a sovereign out his pocket and looked at it critically. Joe whistled again.

"Honour bright," said he, "you give us that quid?"

"Honour bright."

Joe gave his companion an interrogatory glance, and receiving an affirmative reply, nodded his head to Jasper.

"All right, we're your men for the money. What time do you say the gal passes here?"

Jasper consulted his watch.

"In about half-an-hour. Keep well in hiding. I shall be on the watch lower down the road. Give a whistle when you see her."

He said no more, but walked silently away.

The two young men threw themselves down upon the grass behind some bushes and waited for the expected Sarah. It was just after sunset; the tops of the tall trees were tinged with fading crimson and the grey dusk of twilight was stealing over the face of the earth, when suddenly the concealed watchers saw Sarah slowly approaching up the long, lonely road that lay between two plantations. She made part of a beautiful picture.

Around her was all the melancholy tenderness of the twilight hour, the mist, the last faint traces of the sun, and one pale star.

She walked meekly, with her eyes downcast, and her wonderfully black hair flowing freely round her pure white face.

She wore a kerchief bound round her slender throat, but no hat.

Joe gave a low whistle, which Sarah apparently did not hear, for she continued walking as before, without looking up or giving any sign of surprise or alarm.

She was now nearing the bushes behind which Joe and his companion lay, ready to spring.

"Now for it!" whispered Joe, and, with a shout, sprang from his hiding-place. The girl started back with a cry. Joe caught her round the waist and his companion held her arms.

"Help! help!" she cried. "Let me go! let me go!"

"What do you think?" answered Joe, and kissed her on the lips.

The girl struggled violently; she threw one of the roughs from her, and would possibly have escaped had not Joe tripped her up and brought her to her knees.

Now another figure appeared on the scene.

Jasper White rushed up, waving a stick in his hand.

"Villains!" he cried theatrically, and began to belabour Joe and his companion so soundly that they speedily took to their heels and made off, leaving Sarah, half-fainting, in the arms of her "preserver."

"Don't cry, child," said Jasper; "no one would dare touch you while I am here."

"Oh, don't leave me!" the frightened girl cried, clinging to Jasper, whom she regarded as her valiant rescuer and friend.

Jasper soothed her with kind words, and accompanied her on her way home.

He spoke of the "little service" he had been able to render her as an opportunity a beneficent chance had cast in his way, and explained how he had long wished for her friendship. All of this Sarah did not understand, but, dazed and ignorant as she was, she still felt stirred to the very depths of her being with a profound thankfulness for her deliverance from the hands of her unknown assailants.

Jasper had been wise in his calculations as to the effect this incident would have on Sarah's character, for from that

day she always regarded him with undisguised feelings of friendship, and admitted him into her society without demur—nay, the overtures were as frequently on her side as on Jasper's.

Such an alteration in her sentiments and demeanour could not pass unnoticed, especially in so circumscribed and provincial a district, where everyone is a notoriety and no one a nonentity. The news began to be noised abroad that Evan Jacobs's strange daughter was frequently in the company of young Jasper White. People wagged their heads and prophesied no good from the intimacy of two people in such widely different stations in life—for although Jasper was by no means a rich or in any way an exalted personage, still his social status was vastly superior to the condition of the Jacobses, which, indeed, stood half-way between the honest but humble labourer and the vagabond.

It soon came to Hannah Jacobs's (the mother of Sarah) ears that her daughter was frequently in the company of White, and at first she was disposed to look upon the matter as a stroke of luck for all concerned, and as such she communicated it one evening to her husband.

Evan Jacobs regarded the matter in quite another light.

"Supposing," said he, "as young White is fool enough to marry the girl, which, mark you, I don't think he is?"

"Well, then, husband, it would be a mighty fine thing," answered the woman.

"A mighty fine thing, eh! Mighty fine for her maybe, but mighty bad for us, Hannah. You don't think as White would keep us, do you? Why, as soon as he'd got the girl he'd be off to foreign parts, and where would we be then?"

"No worse than we are now, Evan. What good is the girl to us?"

"Ah, that's the point!" said the husband with a cunning leer. "I've somewhat in my head which if it turns out right will make our fortunes, and all through Sarah, too."

"All through Sarah? Out with it, Evan! Let's hear what it is!" cried the woman, growing excited.

"You remember, Hannah, as how I was with Joseph Larkin's show for some years?"

"Ay, ay."

"We had a fasting girl there what used to bring in a pile of money. She and dancing dogs were the best things in the circus. She was just such a girl as Sarah is."

"You never mean to say that you are going to make Sarah a fasting girl?"

"Don't I, though!"

"But she can't do it."

"Can't she, though; wait and see. Of course, we shall have to give her a bit of something at times, but I'll easily fake up the job."

"It sounds a bit risky, Evan."

"There's coin in it, I tell you; coin in plenty."

Evan Jacobs was a man who, once he had determined upon a plan, never rested until he had carried it into execution.

In this quality or characteristic he resembled White. Both of the men had strong natures, so that when it came to a fight between them the contest was a severe one.

Soon after the conversation with his wife which we have recorded Evan called Sarah to him. She came timidly, noticing that Evan frowned and that his voice had a harsh ring.

"Sarah," said he roughly, "what's all this I hear about you carrying on with young Jasper White?"

"I don't know, father," answered the girl, trembling.

"You do, girl, and what's more you're learning to lie to your father. Now listen to me; I won't have none of it, once and for all—I won't have none of it. Just you speak to young White again, and I break every bone in your body. See if I don't, that's all!"

"Oh, father!"

"Don't 'oh, father!' me. Speak to him again and I skin you!"

He gave her a brutal cuff over the head, and left her whimpering in a corner of the bare, desolate-looking kitchen.

She was walking out on an errand later, when she met Jasper. She took to her heels and fled from him with the look of a frightened fawn.

He pursued her, crying out all the time for her to stop and explain the cause of her extraordinary conduct.

"Father!" she called back over her shoulder, and, redoubling her pace, soon left the chagrined White, panting and angered, far behind.

When she got home her father refused to give her any supper.

"That's punishment for her wicked ways," he said with a wink to Hannah.

The next morning he gave his daughter no breakfast; indeed, during the ensuing day she did not taste food, and yet appeared none the worse for it.

Evan Jacobs went into ecstasies over his daughter's powers of endurance.

"This girl is going to make our fortunes, wife," said he with a chuckle.

"I hope as no harm comes of it, Evan."

"Harm! Why you ain't got the spirit of a mouse!"

Evan set off on the next day for a neighbouring town, where he engaged a small cottage at a moderate rental.

He returned home and told his wife to prepare for removing from their present quarters into new ones in about a week's time.

He then took his daughter a long railway journey to a town situate at a considerable distance from the lonely spot where they lived. He took her, frightened and wondering, into a dressmaker's shop, and asked for Madame Garlot. A short, red-faced woman came forward and greeted Evan with an exclamation of surprise and pleasure.

"Well, if it ain't Evan Jacobs! Lord ha' mercy, it's a long time since I see you!"

"Turned up like a bad coin, ma. Have you got such a

"Oh, don't leave me!"

thing as a nice wedding-dress on your hands? I want one for my daughter."

The lady pursed up her fat lips into what was intended to be an expression of reflection.

"Think I've just got the right thing," said she, and produced from a wardrobe, in which hung many regal robes and theatrical costumes, a white satin wedding gown, a little soiled, but still comparatively fresh.

"Try this on, dearie," said she to Sarah, who at once obeyed her. "Goin' to be married, is she?" remarked the old woman while the girl was changing out of one garment into another.

"Married, yes, and to such a nice young man," answered Evan with a laugh and a wink.

The wedding dress was bought, together with a long white tulle veil, and some silver trimmings and other accessories to the marriage toilette.

Early next week the entire village in which the Jacobses had resided were surprised to find one morning that the strange family had moved in the night—where, nobody knew. Jasper White was transported with rage. He had never longed for Sarah so much as now, when he had lost her. He did not love her, but he desired her, and, failing that, he desired revenge on those who had been instrumental in her removal.

He swore that sooner or later he would wreak his vengeance upon Evan and his wife, and we shall see how far he succeeded. The little town of L——, where Evan had pur-

chased the cottage, presently found itself pasted all over with multi-coloured bills, announcing that the "Wonderful Welsh Fasting Girl" was now on view in their midst. She was, said the bills, the eighth wonder of the world, and could live without food.

The townspeople flocked to see the new sensation.

They found Evans's cottage newly painted and hung with flaring announcements of the "marvellous, beautiful girl who lived without ever touching food." At the door an impromptu turnstile had been erected at which Evan was seated.

He exacted a moderate charge from each person who entered the door.

Inside, effect had been studied with elaborate care. A large room was completely draped in black curtains, in the centre of which, raised on a dais, was an imitation marble slab, upon which rested Sarah, clad in her bridal dress, with orange blossoms clasping her brow and a tulle veil covering her pale, sweet face. She made a beautiful picture; her dark eyes and black, luxuriant tresses showing up in marked contrast the pallor of her complexion and the virginal whiteness of her robe.

The people thronged into the room all day; there had never been a moment when the room had been empty, so that it could be certified that the girl had not touched food during the daytime. But what about the night? A man asked if he might be permitted to watch during the night, and Evan readily granted his request.

Sarah arose from her marble slab and lay down on a bed.

The watcher sat near to her. Presently he had a drink with Evan, and subsequently fell asleep, during which time Sarah had a hearty meal. Evan then woke the watcher up, assured him that he had hardly been asleep a minute, and the next morning the man certified that the girl had not tasted food.

This went on for weeks.

Evan and Hannah were rapidly making their fortune.

The fame of the fasting girl began to spread over the entire country. Excitement grew as the case became apparently more genuine. People took enormous journeys to visit the wonderful cottage and its ethereal occupant.

The newspapers reported the matter and everyone discussed it; some thought the girl was a living miracle, whilst others still maintained the whole thing was an elaborate fraud. Of course, the growing interest in Sarah necessitated double caution on the part of her parents lest the swindle should be discovered. Often three days elapsed without the girl being able to taste food, so stringent was the watch set upon her.

The father and mother always insisted on kissing their daughter at night time, and then they would conceal some sustaining morsel in their mouths and force it between the girl's lips unseen by anyone.

But the climax was soon now to come.

Curiously enough, the fame of Sarah had reached quite remote quarters of the kingdom before Jasper White—who lived comparatively near to the scene of the exhibition—heard of it.

At last, however, it came to his ears, and he forthwith went to view "the world's eighth wonder."

What was his surprise to find that the "marvellous fasting girl" was no other than Sarah Jacobs, the girl he had a short time previous been so anxious to seduce?

"Do you remember me, Sarah?" said he, bending over the marble slab.

"Yes, quite well."

"Is it true that you live without tasting food?"

"Quite," answered the girl, who had been well tutored as to the answers she was to give to all questions.

Jasper said no more. He left the cottage and went to the telegraph-office, where he wired to a friend of his in one of the London hospitals. He asked this friend, who was a doctor, to come to him at once, promising to pay all expenses. The next day the doctor arrived, and the two discussed all possible plans to expose what Jasper called "a damnable fraud."

A letter was sent to Evan offering him five pounds if he would allow two gentlemen to watch in the cottage for a week. Evan accepted.

What was his surprise to see in one of the strange gentlemen Jasper White!

"Why, you were here last week!" said he.

"Yes; I've come again, and I've brought a medical friend with me."

Evan began to have misgivings.

"You're a swindler," said Jasper quietly, "and I'm going to expose you."

"We shall see, my fine fellow," answered Evan with a defiant grin.

Never had Sarah been so closely watched as now. Jasper and his friend sat on either side of her, took what meals they could get, and never left her without one vigilant guard for a moment. Jasper objected to Evan and his wife kissing Sarah on the lips. They must only kiss her on the forehead. Afraid lest Jasper should discover them in the act of forcing food between the girl's lips, Evan consented. His one hope was that the girl would last out the week.

On the morning of the third day Sarah was so weak that she had to be lifted on to the marble slab. She looked piteously at Evan and Hannah, but dare not so much as utter one word of complaint. Jasper smiled.

"Are you going to give in, Evan?" said he.

"You are wrong; there is no fraud."

Evan became doggedly obstinate. He felt Jasper was conspiring to ruin him, and determined to stick out to the last, even if it should cost him his daughter's life.

On the fourth day the girl was suffering the most awful pangs of hunger. Her agony was depicted in her wasted face, but she did not speak. She was so weak that Evan judged it wise to keep her on the marble slab, so that she was not removed at night to a bed.

She lay in her bridal dress, dying, tortured by the most excruciating pains, whilst Evan and Jasper sat and glowered at each other, neither thinking of the young girl's life, each only thinking of the struggle between the two wills, and speculating as to who would ultimately win.

"Will you give in and confess it a fraud?" said Jasper.

"No, never, you devil!" answered Evan.

She lay in her bridal dress, dying.

"Speak, Sarah!" cried Jasper. "Tell us it is a fraud!"

"If you speak, I kill you!" screamed Evan, and dragged Jasper away.

Suddenly the girl sat up, stretched out her poor wasted arms with a piteous gesture, and, with a terrible effort, cried, in a voice which was a hollow whisper:

"Food! food!"

She fell back on to the slab with a thud. She lay in her bridal dress—dead!

"I've won," said Jasper.

"Curse you! *I* didn't give in!" cried Evan.

The news was abroad already that the "fasting girl" was dead from starvation. An angry crowd thundered with execrations at the door of the cottage. It was thought that the Jacobses would be torn limb from limb, but the police intervened and took them into custody.

They were subsequently tried for manslaughter, when Evan was sentenced to twelve months' hard labour and Hannah to six.

Jasper White, having, as he put it, "won the game," left England for Australia, and there the story ends.

As we before said, if the public declined to favour with their patronage such shows as we have described, and all kindred exhibitions, they would of necessity cease to exist.

How long are we to wait for this sign of popular enlightenment?

A Scotch Judge.

THAT eccentric Scotch judge, Lord Esgrove, was verbose and tautological to a degree.

It is recorded that he once sentenced a tailor to death for stabbing a soldier, and in addressing the prisoner after the verdict he thus described the offence: "And not only did you murder him, whereby he was bereaved of his life, but you did thrust or pierce or push or project or pro-pell the le-thall weapon through the belly-band of his regimental breeches, which were His Majesty's"!

Well-Hung Bacon.

A THIEF was once charged and found guilty at an assizes presided over by Sir Nicholas Bacon, before the latter was invested with the Great Seal.

After various pleas had been over-ruled, the prisoner asked for mercy on account of some kinsmanship with the judge. He explained that, while his lordship's name was Bacon, his was Hogg, and claimed that "they were near kindred."

"Yes," said the judge, "but you and I cannot be kindred unless you are hanged, for hog is not bacon till it is well hung"!

THE JUDGE PASSES SENTENCE OF DEATH UPON DOUGAL.

THE WAYS OF THE CRIMINAL

XII.—MORE ABOUT SAFE-BREAKERS.

THERE are safes and safes, or, as Dan Leno would remark, "there is the safe safe and there is the safe which ain't—safe."

For many years past safe manufacturers have brought all their scientific knowledge to bear upon the question of baffling the burglar, and have used their best endeavours in an effort to construct a safe sufficiently strong to prevent a thief from gaining access to its contents. Some have succeeded, but burglars have managed to keep pace with most of the makers, and often nowadays safes are broken into and their contents seized. It is the best plan,' said an expert to the writer the other day, not to buy a safe which has thin sides. Those which give the burglars most trouble and are proof against all but the most expert criminals, are those with thick, solid sides, made of a composition of high and low carbon steel welded into one piece. There are many known instances of burglars having abandoned in despair attempts to break into safes of this description. Of course, the real scientific criminal stands a fair chance of doing so. But he must be possessed of a splendid assortment of tools, implements of the finest make, which must have been specially and very carefully selected for his purposes.

He must have levers such as we have described in a previous article, small, but very powerful jemmies, steel wedges, finely-tempered drills, all kinds of steel cutters, and the screw-jack, which is almost indispensable. At Scotland Yard, in the Black Museum, the authorities have one of the finest outfits a safe robber could wish for. It includes all the articles mentioned in a great variety, as

Sundry items from a safe-breaker's outfit (now safely housed at "The Yard").

well as pieces of wood to be used as fulcrums for the levers, and a quantity of Schultz powder, used for blowing in the lock when other means of entry failed. The tools were the property of one of the cleverest safe robbers the United States ever produced, and he left them behind him at a railway cloak-room when he found the men from Scotland Yard were watching him with a persistency which prevented him from getting to work.

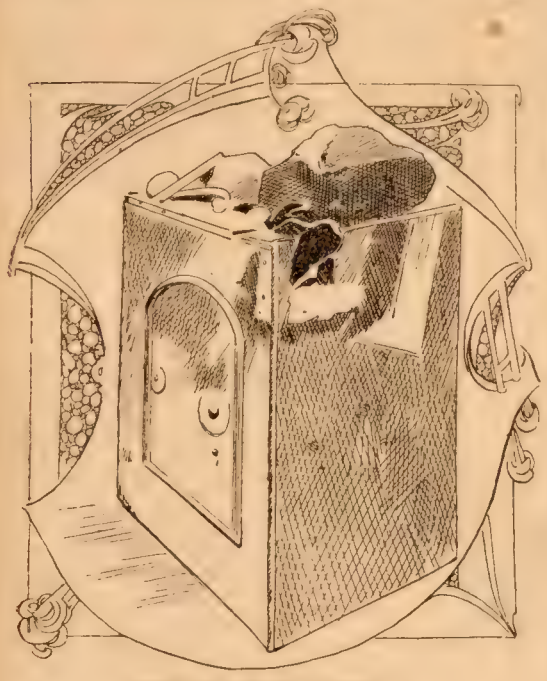
Two of our illustrations this week (from actual photographs) show safes of the thin-sided variety after burglars have operated on them. The Turkish safe was rifled by an

A Turkish safe, with the side ripped open.

expert gang of travelling thieves at Constantinople some years ago. With a finely-tempered drill a number of holes were bored in the metal, and with a lever these holes were gradually enlarged, until sufficient of the metal was bent outwards to enable a powerful pair of pliers to get a secure grip. Then, using a beam of wood as a fulcrum, two of the thieves put their whole strength into the pliers, and slowly the metal was torn away, the holes acting in much the same manner as the perforations in a piece of paper. When the aperture was sufficiently large for their purposes the burglars attacked the inner lining in much the same manner, and were thus easily able to get at the contents. The York safe met with a similar fate. It was constructed on the lines of the Constantinople strong-box, but the burglars in this case tackled the top, and met with marked success. With their crowbars they made a huge hole, tearing practically all the top and part of one side away, and other safes of a similar pattern have yielded their contents at the bidding of the crowbar and screw-jack, sometimes the back of the receptacle being ripped out. In most of the cases, however, the sides were the most convenient to get at, for the back is, as a rule, against a wall.

One can imagine the language of a gang of thieves who, after spending a couple of weeks or more in perfecting their plans and putting in a hard night's work on a safe, are rewarded with nothing for their pains. If a burglar had successfully tackled the safe of the Humberts in Paris the other day and found but a solitary cent and a button, it is likely that he would have had a severe shock. The Cheshire police a few weeks ago, although they did not capture the thieves, had a good laugh at a gang who perpetrated a safe robbery in the little town of Winsford. The gang broke into some business premises, got at the safe, and carried it bodily out into the street and down to the river near by. There they stole a boat, hoisted in the safe, which, with its contents weighed nearly 4cwt., and rowed their prize to a secluded wood, where, after much labour, it was landed. Perspiring freely, but elated with triumph, the burglars set about opening the safe, and, after a couple of hours of herculean labour, managed to lay bare the contents. Ledger upon ledger met their view. These were hastily thrown out into a heap, and the thieves proceeded on their eager search for money. There were lots of papers, letters for the most part, but no money met their gaze. The drawers were burst open and again the

thieves were disappointed. Not a coin or a stamp was to be found. Their chagrin and rage can be imagined. Disgusted, they piled the books and papers in a heap and, having set fire to them, shook the dust of Cheshire from their feet. Their hard labour had not even yielded them the price of a pot of beer. Even in prison they would have been better off,



A York safe, with the top broken open.

for there every day's good conduct means a couple of pence earned.

One night in 1884 a gang of five men worked for several hours and earned nothing. They broke into the premises of a dairy company in Museum Street, Bloomsbury, and carried away the safe, which weighed well over 7cwt., and contained money and securities to the value of something over £800. One of the gang, it afterwards transpired, broke into the building, opened the front door, and let in his comrades, who at once proceeded with their self-imposed task. The floors of several rooms were covered with chaff, so that the safe would when propelled by crowbars slip over the surface, and then the safe was laboriously levered from its place and, inch by inch, moved towards the front door. When the portal was almost reached, one of the gang, watching his opportunity, slipped out and returned in a few minutes with a confederate driving a horse attached to a low tip-up cart. This, by the way, had been specially hired for the occasion. Whilst the cart was standing opposite the door a policeman turned into the street. Quickly but quietly the door was closed, and back of it stood four of the burglars. The fifth boldly faced out the matter, and stood by the cart. Along came the policeman, trying all the doors. Back of the door of the dairy stood the quartette of thieves, their bodies pressed tightly against the door, a couple of levers helping to strengthen the resistance. The policeman arrived, pushed the door, found it unyielding, and passed on, with a nod to the driver of the cart. He had sharp eyes, however, and a good memory, and he carefully noted the name and address painted on the vehicle. It was a purely mechanical act. He had no suspicion that anything was amiss, but he had made it a habit to take note of apparently unconsidered trifles. Slowly his steps took him down the street and round the corner. Open went the door of the dairy, and with feverish haste the quartette of thieves worked. The cart was backed right to the doorway and tipped up. With a desperate amount of pushing and hauling the safe was placed in it, the door of the premises was shut, and away went the thieves.

Next morning there was plenty of excitement at the dairy establishment. Police and detectives viewed the scene of the robbery, propounded various theories, and pounced upon several "clues." Then the constable who had been on the beat when the robbery took place was sent for and questioned. He remembered the cart and the name and address. No time was lost in proceeding to the address. There in a stable the safe was found intact, but sorely battered. The handle had been wrenched off and the edges were jagged in several places as a result of the crude attempts which had been made to get at the contents. Desperate attempts had been made to open the safe. Crowbars, chisels, wedges and hammers had been used, and two of the hinges were broken, but the securities were as far away from the thieves' possession as ever. The burglary had been carried out with remarkable skill, but the burglars were amateurs so far as safe-breaking was concerned, and their midnight labours went for nought.

In novels and detective stories the burglar, whether of the ordinary kind or of the more expert variety, who only pay attention to safes, is represented with a bulldog lantern of the regulation police pattern. They have a fine collection of lanterns at Scotland Yard, and, whilst some of them answer the above description, others are extremely ingenious. One in particular calls for special mention. A white glass bottle, tightly corked, and containing a little liquid and a lump of solid matter, was found by the police after a particularly daring safe robbery had been successfully accomplished. In the light of day there was nothing particular about the bottle and its contents to attract attention, but a detective of an inquiring turn of mind, proceeded to investigate, and discovered that the piece of solid matter was phosphorus. When darkness came he gave the bottle a sharp shake. It immediately gave out a soft glow, and when the room was in utter darkness the light afforded by the phosphorus was sufficient for the detective to try experiments on a lock with. It will be seen from our illustrations that since the days of "darkeys," as the old bull's-eyes were known, burglars have progressed considerably. After the "darkey" came the pinhole lantern, a specially-constructed lamp, which only afforded a small beam of light, which could be thrown direct upon the place where the burglar needed it, but now the electric lamp has come in, and midnight raiders, for the most part, have discarded the old arrangement.

There are two kinds of portable electric lamps, both of which are very popular with the thieving fraternity. The first, in the shape and size of the familiar ebony ruler of the counting-house, carries the lamp at one end, and the pressure of the thumb on a switch in the middle turns on the current, and the burglar has all the light he needs. A slight movement, and it is switched off again. The second is in the shape of a cigar case, and is just as easily manipulated.

Old style burglars' "glims"—by no means out of date.

Both these lamps can be carried in the pockets without attracting attention, and it is with regard to the conveyance of the tools from place to place that burglars frequently show great resource.

One man, who is now, thank goodness! "doing time," used to carry a fine array of implements inside his glossy silk hat. A neat little brace fitted into the crown, whilst all round the sides of the hat, in cunningly-contrived pockets, small but powerful steel bits, chisels, gouges, etc., were fixed. Another burglar well known to the London police

carried his tools about in a carpenter's bag, whilst yet another hid his inside an accordian.

The last-mentioned individual made a special mark of public-house safes. Whilst gleaning the information necessary for the committal of a burglary, he played his instrument in the bars of the different licensed houses in the City. He often drew attention to the fact that the instrument was

Up-to-date crime lamps. 1. The phosphorus lamp. 2 and 3. Pocket electric flashers.

home-made, but it is not on record that he ever showed anyone the beautifully-arranged interior. Had he done so his successful career as a burglar would have ended much sooner than it did. As it was, he only landed himself inside a convict prison through his own carelessness. He called late one night at a City public-house, gained an entry by climbing the railings and forcing open the door, which stood some distance back from the pavement. Once inside, he wedged the door, so that a passing policeman should not notice that it had been opened, and went straight for the safe, a common one, with three sides, which yielded to his persuasive efforts in a remarkably short space of time. Having lagged the contents, he looked round for a "refresher," and, taking a fancy to the whiskey, imbibed rather too much. When the publican came down to open his house in the morning he was astonished to see the state of his safe. He was still more surprised when he saw a full-blown burglar

Life Preservers! Not quite so deadly as the "Barker," but distinctly unhealthy.

lying in a drunken sleep on the floor of the bar, and his eyebrows were lifted even higher when his eyes lit on the accordian. The musical instrument in two pieces lay on the floor. Some of the tools were scattered near it, others were fixed into the pockets made for their reception. A handy policeman was called in, a swill from a syphon of soda full in the face aroused the startled burglar, and in five minutes he was in "choky."

A CURIOUS CASE OF COUNTERFEIT COINING.

Jacques du Moulin,

THE FRENCH REFUGEE.

"I'll slit the villain's nose that would have sent me to the gaol!"

—SHAKESPEARE, "Taming of the Shrew." Act v. sc. 1

THE following singularly involved case, which was first brought to public notice in 1754, is one of the strangest in all the annals of crime. We cannot have much sympathy with the victim, however, for we must agree that a great deal of his trouble was owing to his own disingenuousness. The trade which he followed was scarcely of a reputable kind, though, according to the lax morality of the time, albeit the punishment for minor offences was ten times more severe than at the present day, it was generally looked upon with a wink of the eye and a thrust of the tongue into the cheek.

Jacques du Moulin, a French refugee, having brought over to this country his family and a small sum of money, employed his capital in purchasing lots of goods that had been condemned at the Custom House, which he again disposed of by retail. As these goods were such as, having a high duty, were frequently smuggled, those who dealt in this way were generally suspected of increasing their stock by illicit means, and smuggling or purchasing smuggled articles under colour of dealing only in goods that had been legally seized by the King's officers and taken from smugglers. This trade, however, did not impeach Du Moulin's honesty in the general estimation, though it gave no sanction to his character; but he was often detected in uttering false gold. He came frequently to persons of whom he had received money with several of these pieces of counterfeit coin, and pretended that they were among the pieces that had been paid him. This was almost invariably denied with great eagerness; but, if particular circumstances did not confirm the contrary, he was always peremptory and obstinate in his charge. This soon brought him into disrepute, and he gradually lost, not only his business, but his credit.

It happened that, having sold a parcel of goods which amounted to £78 to one Harris, a person with whom he had before had no dealings, he received the money in guineas and Portuguese gold, several pieces of which he doubted; but the man having assured him that he himself had carefully examined and weighed those very pieces and found them good, Du Moulin took them and gave his receipt.

In a few days he returned with six pieces, which, he averred, were of base metal and part of the sum which he had a few days before received of him for the lot of goods. Harris examined the pieces, and told Du Moulin that he was sure there were none of them among those which he had paid him, and refused to exchange them for others. Du Moulin as peremptorily insisted on the contrary, alleging that he had put the money in a drawer by itself, and locked it up till he offered it in payment of a bill of exchange, and then the pieces were found to be bad, declaring that they were the same to which he had objected.

Harris now became angry, and charged Du Moulin with intending a fraud. The irascible Frenchman also lost his temper, and the two very nearly came to blows, and what

might have been worse—cold steel. Du Moulin nevertheless maintained an obstinate demeanour, and declined to be intimidated at the charge which had been brought against him. Harris was exasperated, and the quarrel might have ended in violent bloodshed had not Du Moulin gone away and made oath before a magistrate that the pieces were those he had received. Harris was at length obliged to make them good, but as he was confident that Du Moulin had injured him by a fraud, supported by perjury, he told his story wherever he went, exclaiming against him as a rascally foreigner with great bitterness, and met with many persons who made the same complaints, and told him that it had been a practice of Du Moulin's for a considerable time.

Du Moulin now found himself universally shunned, and, hearing from all parts what Harris had reported, he brought an action for defamatory words, and Harris, irritated to the highest degree, stood upon his defence. In the meantime, having procured a meeting of several persons who had suffered the same way in their dealings with Du Moulin, they procured a warrant against him, and he was apprehended

Charged Du Moulin with intending a fraud.

upon suspicion of counterfeiting the coin. Upon searching his drawers a great number of pieces of counterfeit gold were found in a compartment by themselves, and several more were picked from other money that was found in different parcels in his escritoire. Upon further search a flask, several files, a pair of moulds, some powdered chalk, a small quantity of aqua regia, and several other implements were discovered.

No doubt could now be entertained of the guilt of Du Moulin, which was extremely aggravated by the methods he had taken to dispose of the money he manufactured, the insolence with which he had insisted upon good coin being paid him for the spurious gold which he palmed off upon his victims, and the perjury by which he had supported his claims. His action against Harris for defamation was also considered as greatly increasing his guilt, and everybody was impatient to see him punished.

In those days the crime of coining was considered as little short of murder itself, and ranked as even more heinous than forgery, while the law was more summary in its procedure. The indignation against Du Moulin was so intense, and the populace clamoured so loudly for his immediate trial that the ordinary methods of the authorities were hastened, and the unhappy foreigner was hurried before his judges. In these circumstances it was not difficult to foresee the end. Du Moulin was speedily brought to trial, and his many attempts to put off bad money, the quantity found by itself in his escritoire, and, above all, the instruments of coining, which, upon a comparison, exactly answered the money in his possession, being proved, he was upon this evidence convicted and received sentence of death.

It now fell out that, a few days before he was to have been executed, one Williams, who had been bred a seal-engraver, but had left his business, was killed by a fall from his horse. His wife, who was then pregnant and near her time, immediately fell into fits, and was prematurely confined. She was soon sensible that she could not live, and, therefore, sending for the wife of Du Moulin, she desired to be left alone, and then gave her the following account:

That her husband was one of four, whom she named, who had for many years subsisted by counterfeiting gold coin, which she had frequently been employed to put off, and was therefore entrusted with the whole secret; that another of these persons had hired himself to Du Moulin as a kind of porter and footman, and, being provided by the gang with false keys, had disposed of a very considerable sum of bad money by opening his master's escritoire, and leaving it there in the place of an equal number of good pieces which he took out; that by this iniquitous practice Du Moulin had been defrauded of his business, his credit, and his liberty, to which in a short time his life would be added if application were not immediately made to save him.

By this account, which she gave in great agony of mind, she was much exhausted, and having given directions where to find the persons whom she impeached, she fell into convulsions and shortly after expired.

The wife of Du Moulin immediately applied to a magistrate, and having related the story she had heard, procured a warrant against the three men, who were taken the same day and separately examined. Du Moulin's servant steadily denied the whole charge, and so did one of the other two, but while the last was being examined a messenger, who had been sent to search their lodgings, arrived with a great quantity of bad money and many instruments for coining. This threw him into confusion, and the magistrate improving the opportunity by offering him his life if he would become an evidence for the King, he confessed that he had long been associated with the other prisoners and the man who was dead, and he directed where other tools and money might be found. He could say nothing, however, as to the manner in which Du Moulin's servant had been employed to put it off.

Upon this discovery Du Moulin's execution was suspended, and the King's witness swearing positively that the servant and the other prisoner had frequently coined in his presence, and giving a particular account of the process and the part which each of them usually performed, the two were convicted and condemned to die.

Both of the prisoners, however, denied the fact, and the public were still in doubt in regard to Du Moulin. When an idea becomes fixed in the minds of the people it is difficult to eliminate it all at once, and Du Moulin being a Frenchman, against whose nation the British were then strongly incensed, the populace could hardly be persuaded of his innocence. The country was split into two factions over the case—the Du Moulinites and the anti-Du Moulinites—and the strife was stoutly maintained. The finding of the materials for the manufacture of base coin concealed on the premises of the refugee was the point round which the war was chiefly waged, and the man himself lent some colour to his guilt by his morose and obstinate bearing.

In his defence he had declared that the bad money which was found together was that which he could not trace to the persons from whom he had received it, that the parcels with which bad money was found mixed he kept separate that he might know to whom to apply if it should appear to be bad, that the finding of the moulds and other appliances was a fact for which he could not account, and these statements he clung to with a pertinacity which, in the face of the evidence of the King's witness, was most unaccountable. It was now doubted whether the impeachment of the others had not been managed with a view to save him who was equally guilty, there being no evidence of his servant's treachery but that of a woman who was dead, reported by the wife of Du Moulin, who was manifestly an interested party. He was not, however, charged by either of the convicts as an accomplice, a particular which was strongly urged by his friends in his behalf.

APPREHENDED ON SUSPICION OF COUNTERFEITING THE COIN.

While the public opinion was thus held in suspense, and Du Moulin's fate still hung on the balance, a circumstance occurred which elucidated the whole mystery. A private drawer was found in a chest belonging to the servant, and in it were a bunch of keys and the impression of one in wax.

The officers were not long in comparing the impression with the keys, and that which it corresponded with was found to open Du Moulin's escritoire, in which the bad money and implements had been found. A little more careful examination showed that the lock had frequently been tampered with. Pursuing their search in the servant's room, the police found some old files, such as are used by locksmiths, and also fragments of iron filings and several half-finished keys. They then felt sure that they had captured the right men, and that Du Moulin was only unwittingly a villain.

Forthwith they went to the "Compter," taking with them their new-found pieces of evidence, and asked to be admitted into the servant's cell. They told the valet that they knew all, and, to back up their assertions, produced the articles found in his room. At first the servant denied all complicity, but when the officers added that they had discovered how he had opened his master's desk he broke down, and burst into tears, and confessed all that had been alleged against him. He was then asked how the tools came into his master's escritoire, and he answered that when the officers of justice came to seize his master he was terrified for himself, knowing that he had in his chest these instruments which the private drawer could not contain. Fearing that he might be included in the warrant, his consciousness of guilt kept him in continual dread and suspicion, and for this reason before the officers went upstairs he opened the escritoire with the false key, and, having fetched his tools from his box in the garret, he deposited them there, and had just locked the new repository when he heard them at the door.

With this additional evidence it was but to be expected that the culprits should be made to pay the penalty for their crimes, and shortly afterwards they joined in the Monday procession to Tyburn, and eventually dangled from the ancient gallows tree. In due course Du Moulin was liberated, though the law was not so speedy in releasing him as it was in laying him by the heels.

Just as he was about to be set free several of those who had prosecuted him swore an information against him for perjury, because he had stated that he had received bad money from them. At first the magistrates were inclined to permit a second criminal action, but when they were assured that no jury would convict they dismissed the summonses.

In spite of his narrow escape, to the day of his death Du Moulin persisted in the statement that Harris had attempted to defraud him, while Harris was equally bitter against the Frenchman. Having lost his business and credit through the foul action of his servant, Du Moulin found it hard to earn a livelihood, and subsisted on the alms of some friends for a short while; at length, however, he was given a position in the French branch of an English firm, and remained till his death in his native land.

In this case we have the perversity and wrong-headedness of a man almost leading him to destruction. Du Moulin was deceived by his perfidious servant, who would have sent him to the gibbet beyond a doubt to save his own wretched life; but, having made a statement which at the time he believed to be true, the master would not give way even when the real facts were revealed. After the quarrel with Harris he was convinced that the man had attempted a fraud upon him, and nothing would persuade him otherwise until the confession of the servant made all clear. The perjury he committed in swearing to the false gold having been paid him by the persons he charged with the act was unintentional, but when a criminal, confessedly concerned in the coining of the counterfeit gold, became King's evidence, he should have freely acknowledged his error in the matter and abandoned his line of defence. The circumstantial evidence against him, however strong, was only aggravated by his own action, and it is very probable he would have lost his life through persevering in his irrational obstinacy.

LORD BROUGHAM once defined a lawyer as "a learned gentleman who rescues your estate from your enemies, and keeps it for himself."

THE TALE OF VIOU'S VILLAINY.

How a youth of twenty barbarously slaughtered his aged master through greed of gold.

"The time has been
That when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there the end."

SHAKESPEARE, Macbeth, Act III. Sc. 4.

ANYONE attached to, or interested in, the artistic world who visited Paris in the closing years of the "forties" of last century cannot fail to remember the shop of M. Poirier Desfontaines, situated at No. 422, Rue St. Honoré, where the most exquisite bronzes were to be purchased, and where many a struggling sculptor has taken his first work of art and subsequently found fame.

M. Desfontaines was a character. He was very brusque, but very kindly, and while he would reject the overtures of a wealthy American who wished to purchase his goods "at a bargain," he never failed to give full value to the broken-down artist who offered him work which he could possibly accept; indeed, he often bought matter which was useless to him rather than discourage a poor Bohemian who really showed promise.

At the same time, he was a very shrewd man of business, and had amassed no little fortune in his dealings. His principal trade was in the manufacturing of bronzes, and many beautiful specimens which grace the houses of the wealthy in this as well as in almost every civilised country in the world were cast in his foundry.

The bronze founder was very averse to women, and did not like to have them about his premises; even the pretty young daughter of the concierge, or caretaker, was rigidly excluded from his house. Most of his domestic matters he looked after himself, keeping a young man-servant to do the heavier work and to assist in the shop.

On New Year's Day, 1851, M. Desfontaines dismissed the servant who had been with him for a while on account of some delinquency, and in his place engaged a youth named Eugene Viou. His new acquisition was extremely young-looking for his age, which was twenty, but he was very handy about the house and willing to assist his master as much as possible in the shop; in fact, he soon became remarkably conversant with the position of everything in the warehouse and with the general run of the business. Eugene Viou was short, thick-set, and of a pleasing appearance, and the old merchant took a great fancy to him, and chatted to him concerning the advantages of that particular trade over all others, instancing how he had managed to build up a fortune by his own industry, and encouraging him to study the peculiarities of the business, so that one day he might acquire a decent competency.

Viou listened with gravity to all this good advice, but he had made up his mind to gain money by a quicker route, and one involving less hard labour than the beaten path of honest toil so strongly advocated by his patron.

The morning of January 6 was not a busy one in the shop of M. Desfontaines, and no one was, therefore, surprised that the old gentleman did not put in an appearance, especially as it was known that he was far from well, suffering from one of his regular attacks of *migraine*. At about two o'clock in the afternoon Eugene Viou saw the daughter of the concierge, and told her that he had to shut up the shop, as his master had gone into the country for a few days, and he had instructions to take on some baggage after him. Half-an-hour later a couple of commissionaires, or general messengers, drew a hand-cart to the door, upon which several boxes, trunks, and a quantity of baggage were loaded. Viou then locked the front door and departed.

He had not been gone for more than a few minutes when the concierge came in and was told by the girl what had happened. At first it struck her as very curious that M. Desfontaines should go away so suddenly, a thing which he had never been known to do before, and then the fact that a servant, who had only been in the house for six days, was entrusted with the baggage and the closing of the shop seemed strange to her, and she began to feel uneasy.

Somehow she could not get it out of her mind that all was not as it ought to be, and she flew to the refuge of every Parisian in trouble—the police. Several gendarmes were sent from the depôt of the Tuileries Department to accompany the caretaker home and see that all was right. The premises occupied by the bronze founder for his private use were peculiar. His kitchen was upstairs and his bedroom on the ground floor, close to the shop and warehouse. This

Viou saw the daughter of the concierge.

enabled him to guard his precious *objets de vertu* by night as well as by day. Peering through the windows, the police could see that the interior of the bedroom was in order, and exactly as it should be when the owner was away, so they laughed at the timid old concierge, and told her that she had "found a mare's nest." At the same time, they instructed her to call again at the station if nothing was heard of M. Desfontaines during the next few days.

A week passed, and no news came of the missing merchant, so the authorities were again visited by the anxious caretaker, and this time the police saw fit to break open the shop and examine it. In the business premises everything was in proper order as far as they could see, and the shop looked much as usual, though the edges of several of the boards on the floor, which were slightly damp, showed that the place had been recently washed and not dried properly. However, there was nothing suspicious in that, since it might be only the natural zeal of a new servant desirous of leaving everything "spick and span." The kitchen upstairs had also been washed and the walls thoroughly cleaned. The rest of the house was perfectly arranged. Again the gendarmes chaffed the old concierge, and bade her have no fear, for all would come right, and told her that the very fact that

no customers had come to the shop was proof that M. Desfontaines must have written to them telling them of his intention to take a journey for business or pleasure.

Thus matters remained for a few days more, and then news of the missing merchant arrived.

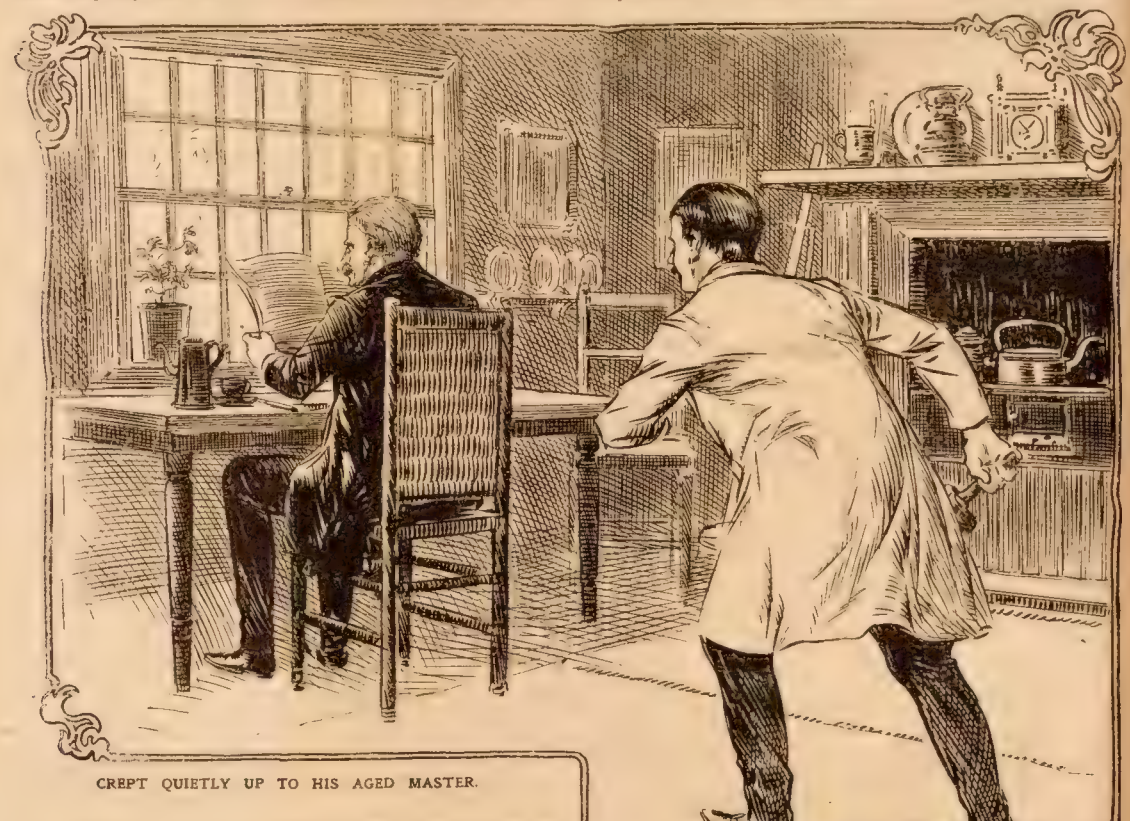
On January 7 a large, heavy box was deposited on the platform at Chateauroux. It was addressed to a "M. Moreau," of that town, and was handed over to the local Pickford for delivery to the owner. The directory was searched, and no such name could be found; however, it was sent the rounds, each carrier inquiring whether a visitor of that name was stopping in his district. As no news of the "M. Moreau" could be obtained it was decided to place the box in the warehouse till the owner should claim it.

After a few days the carters began to notice that the warehouse smelt unpleasant when it was opened in the morning, and every day the odour got stronger, till at last they complained to the heads of the business of the unbearable stench which pervaded the entire building. The principals of the firm came down from their counting-house, and found no difficulty in agreeing with the men that it was impossible to work in the shed. The only thing to do was to see which of the packages lying there was the cause of the offensive smell. It did not take long for them to locate the box from which the insupportable effluvium emanated, and it was seen to be the one addressed to the unknown "M. Moreau." The case was carried out into the fresh air, and the heads of the firm ordered that it should be opened. This was done, and a horrible sight met their eyes.

Under some dank, sodden straw, absolutely rotting away, and emitting a fetid, intolerable, poisonous stench, they found the partially decomposed body of an old man. The corpse was naked, and apparently standing on its head. The bluish-black, discoloured skin, peeling from the muscles here and there where it was rubbed in course of transit, disclosed the reeking, semi-putrid flesh below. With difficulty this gruesome mass was taken from the box, when it was seen that the head had been wrapped round with wisps of straw, the legs drawn up to the trunk, and the decomposing thighs bound with string to the body, the cords cutting into the softened flesh, exposing livid patches of moist, decaying tissues. Ugh! An awful, blood-curdling sight! One not fit for man to look upon, for in the secret charnel house of the grave Nature's worms do their work hidden from the eyes of the living. But here the curtain was lifted, and the bystanders realised that after death all men are equal. Packed with the corpse were two blood-stained garments.

Still, someone had to examine the corpse in the interests of justice, and police and doctors were called, while the carters and their masters retired to spend a miserable day of sickness in the privacy of their own homes.

Little time was taken in determining the cause of death, for a gaping hole at the back of the skull, through which mixed blood and brains had oozed, and had clotted into an unsightly mass of corruption, betokened the handiwork of the murderer. All that was then necessary was for the remains to be identified and the murderer captured. All, did we say? It seems a lot; but the French detectives are very acute, and only a day or two was needed for them to find the commissionaires who had taken a box to the Orleans Railway Station in Paris, addressed to "M. Moreau."



CREPT QUIETLY UP TO HIS AGED MASTER.

The two porters were taken to Chateauroux, and at once declared that they had brought the case from the shop of M. Desfontaines, and recognised the fearful object before them as the corpse of the bronze merchant. After that, one would think that the loathsome mass would have been laid in the grave. But no; it was preserved to play yet another dreadful part above ground.

From the daughter of the concierge at 422, Rue St. Honoré, the detectives obtained a good description of the servant who had despatched the box, and from a commissionaire to whom the fugitive had spoken at the Orleans Railway in Paris, and to whom he had remarked, "I am as rich as California," they got on the track of Eugene Viou. He was traced to Tours, and then to Beaulieu, where his family resided—good, simple, working folk, who confessed that they were delighted to see how well their son was getting on, since he had been stopping with them for a few days and had heaps of money. "Indeed, he has done nothing but feast us all," added one of his sisters, with pardonable

pride, little knowing that she was paving the way for an introduction for her brother to the Place de la Roquette.

However, the bird had flown, and the pleasant gentlemen who took such an interest in Eugéne could not stop to partake of M. Viou's hospitality, as they had business elsewhere, and had only called to "inquire after him"; so they retraced their steps to Paris as fast as they could.

In the labyrinth of the gay city one would think that it was very difficult, if not well-nigh impossible, to find a man who had only been seen there for about six days, but the system of secret espionage is so great in France that only a day or two elapsed before Eugene Viou was run to earth in a little hotel near the Reform Bridge. He loudly protested his innocence when he was charged on the 5th of February, the day following his arrest, in spite of the fact that in his possession were found a gold watch, two rings, some silver spoons and forks, recognised as being the property of his late master, besides 650 francs in cash. He accounted for his having this wealth by saying that M. Desfontaines had given them to him for a private service rendered.

He opened the safe.

Before the examining magistrate Viou was calm and unmoved. He refused to give particulars, declaring that he was innocent, and that he had only taken advantage of M. Desfontaines' absence to take a few days' holiday. Then came the most dramatic scene known to French law.

Eugene was brought into a room known as the "salle des confrontations." There was nothing remarkable about the chamber itself, save for its severe simplicity, and for the fact that the portion which one would naturally expect to be occupied by counsel for the accused and for the Government was taken up by a large lead-covered table. On this was an object, covered with a cloth. At a signal from the magistrate the wrapper was removed, and on the table lay the ghastly corpse of the murdered Desfontaines.

Viou listened quietly as the magistrate reconstructed the crime in the presence of the victim, hoping to extort some species of admission from him. But the prisoner remained immovable, save when the president made a lucky shot at some incident which actually did occur, then he smiled grimly.

One would have thought that the ordeal of being confronted with the decayed body of the victim one had murdered would be enough to break down the nerves of the most callous villain on earth. Imagine looking again at the work of one's own hands; noting the position of each wound, the clotted blood, and the havoc wrought by the forces of decomposition. Surely any murderer, however hardened, would cry out for pardon, would acknowledge his guilt when he saw how he had defaced God's image. In a moment of passion, nay, even if committed with premeditation, a murder can be understood, but one fails to grasp the secrets which take place after death. The murderer thinks that when his victim is dead that is the end. The destruction of the tissues, the gradual dissolution of the frame, the horrors of the coffin, hidden mercifully by Mother Earth, never enter his thoughts. His work is accomplished at the moment he strikes the fatal blow, as far as any premeditation is concerned.

There stood Viou, watching the wounds on the remains of his master, as they were pointed out by the officers, seeing the mark of the cords with which he had bound him, examining the work of putrefaction, ere it was arrested by the hand of science. Did he feel remorse? Did he quail to see the result of his lust for gold? No; he shrugged his shoulders, and remarked, "Ca ne m'amuse pas"! (That does not amuse me!)

However, he saw that his fate was sealed, and he eventually gave some particulars of what had actually taken place. He had entered the service of M. Desfontaines with the definite intention of robbing him, but had taken a day or two to find out the whereabouts of the articles of value in the house, and also the position of the money chest.

Two days before the murder he took up to his bedroom, which was on the same floor as the kitchen, a "merlin," a heavy kind of blunt chopper, used for splitting firewood. This he secreted under his mattress. On the morning of the 6th, old Desfontaines felt unwell, and went up to his kitchen to prepare some warm drink to relieve him. Having done so, he sat down at a table near the window, with his back to the door.

This was Viou's opportunity. Taking the chopper from his bed, he crept quietly up to his aged master and struck him a tremendous blow on the back of his head, fracturing the skull like an egg-shell. Desfontaines fell as if shot, and the servant then dealt him two more strokes with the "merlin" to make quite sure that he was dead. Then he took off a couple of rings which the murdered man had on his fingers, and placed them on his own.

His next move was to lock the kitchen door, and leave his poor old master to get cold, while he opened the safe and took out all the money and jewellery and the silver spoons, after which he locked up the safe again, and put the key in the proper place. When the customary time for opening the shop came round, he did so, and set to work to pack up a lot of valuable clocks, lamps, and other goods which could not easily be traced.

That done, he went out to a box-maker's, and purchased several packing cases, one being a specially large one. The small ones he had no difficulty in getting into the premises, but the large one was too big to go up the stairs; he therefore had the door of his master's bedroom taken off, and thus was able to get the case in there. Next he went to the kitchen, and catching hold of the body, dragged it downstairs to the bedroom, stripped it, and bound it up into a bundle, wrapping a quantity of straw round the head in case any blood should ooze out and betray the horrid contents of the package. The corpse was then forced into the box, head downwards, and the lid firmly nailed on.

Lest the noise of hammering should attract attention, and cause inquiries, he proceeded to pack up other boxes and bales in readiness for flight, so that he might be found legitimately employed. After this, he got plenty of hot water and scrubbed the kitchen floor and walls to remove any traces of blood, and, extinguishing the fire, locked the door.

On trying to lift the large case, he found that he was not strong enough to do so, and he called a commissionaire, with whose assistance the box containing M. Desfontaines was dragged into the shop, where, by Viou's order, the porters nailed a label on to it, and added the customary trade caution, "Fragile." There seems a certain amount of irony in labelling a body which no rough usage can affect in that manner, but possibly Viou thought it was a joke.

To allay any suspicion which might arise, Eugene Viou wrote a letter in his master's name to the principal customers, telling them that he would be away for a time, and that no alarm need be felt on his account; then, having interviewed the concierge's daughter, he called a couple of commissionaires with a hand-cart, and bade them load it with the various boxes and the luggage which he had packed. They did so, and he gave them a tip, and told them to go off to the station, adding that he would follow and see them there.

This they did, and after locking up the premises, he followed them, and at the terminus treated them liberally. The

big box was despatched to Chateauroux by goods train, and the other cases and baggage went with him to Tours by passenger train.

Every effort was made to get him to say what had become of the property which he had stolen, but he was silent on the subject, and only a very small portion of his plunder was recovered.

All these facts were brought out at the Assize Court when he was arraigned on April of 1851. Defence there was none, save that the prisoner was tempted very strongly, and, being of weak mind, could not resist the impulse to kill his master. The jury, however, who would cheerfully have acquitted a woman if she had been in the same position, found him guilty without any extenuating circumstances, and he was sentenced to death.

From the bar he was taken to the prison of La Roquette, where he lay in the condemned cell for some time, and eventually was led out one early morning to interview Monsieur de Paris, as the French call the executioner, in the little square before the prison. A few moments sufficed to "close the incident." Viou had met his deserts.

One of the extraordinary parts about this crime is the wonderful ingenuity shown by one so young. The whole plan must have been carefully thought out, and one does not know which to be surprised at most, his callousness or his cunning. Eugene Viou died as he had lived, with a smile on his lips and a shrug of his shoulders; indeed, one almost expected to hear him say at the foot of the guillotine, "Ca ne m'amuse pas!"

LAW IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

IT is popularly believed that wherever the Union Jack flies, the people are subject to "British Law." A few diligent newspaper readers may have noticed lately that the criminal law of the island of Ceylon differs from that of the Old Bailey; but they probably imagine that Ceylon is a remarkable exception. Such is far from being the case. It is no unusual occurrence for a regiment to proceed, in its usual turn of peace-time reliefs, from Malta, where the "Code Rohan" prevails, to the Cape of Good Hope, where the "Roman-Dutch" law is the law of the land. Experts will tell you that two less similar codes could not be coupled together. There was a bit of an agitation to have established in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal the same code of Statute and Common Law as is used in the Australian colonies.

That may come in time. At present, polygamy exists in all its glory among certain South African tribes, it having been deemed wise not to interfere too abruptly with the laws of the subjugated races. At the same time, it must be distinctly remembered that white men are not permitted to avail themselves of this licence. Were multiple marriages permissible between white and black, not only would there be a rush to southern climes on the part of those whose desires for matrimony are not quenched by one union, but the half-caste race would increase alarmingly, and the problem of dealing with the mongrel population, at present difficult enough, would become impossible.

Mahommedans are allowed four wives. This law holds good in British India as well as in Persia, though, again, the white man, even if he turn Moslem, is not permitted to become much-married. These quadruple marriages are the bane of the Indian magistrate, for on him falls the difficult job of deciding, in case of the father dying intestate, how the family property is to be divided. The task is even more ticklish when the defunct Mohammedan happens to be a ruler, for whereas primogeniture holds good amongst certain nations of India, others, such as Gwalior, have obtained Imperial sanction to exercise the right of "adopting" the successor to the throne. The Indian Divorce Court can be made the scene of a criminal as well as of a civil prosecution, and an outraged husband has the power of seeing that the co-respondent goes to "jail" (as the word is spelt in India). At home we have a minimum punishment, in the form of "death," for murder. In India it lies with the judge to decide whether the convict shall be hanged, sent to the Andaman Islands, or simply imprisoned at Sabarmati, if a native, or Yeroda, if a white man or Eurasian. The "Code Rohan" also has imprisonment as a minimum penalty for murder.

In England we inflict the supreme punishment of the law in private; in India and several of our Colonies we make a public exhibition of the offender, and the process of hanging is much more revolting than it is in more civilised countries.

In Nova Scotia the "Judge," as the Stipendiary Magistrate is called, is allowed to fine a thief, provided the stolen article be not worth more than ten dollars (£2), and he is allowed to send a girl to Rock Head Prison for twelve months if she be in the habit of walking about in the streets late at night. But why need we cross the Atlantic? Till quite recently a similar power was exercised by the "Proctors" at Cambridge, who were permitted to send "women of the baser sort" to the "spinning house," a species of penitentiary, if they were seen speaking to undergraduate students, or were even suspected of living an immoral life. Who does not remember the "Great Spinning House Case" of 1892 and the outcry amongst the ultra-good people occasioned thereby?

Throughout England, if a shopkeeper is not carrying on an immoral trade, he cannot be compelled to close his shop, save in the two Universities. In those ancient seats of learning the "proctors," or University magistrates, can not only force the tradesman to close his premises, but can even forbid him to reside within three miles of the town.

But to leave the Universities. The "Habitual Drunkards Act" was so drafted that it did not apply to Scotland, while the Scots' arrangements for Sunday closing do not apply to the Predominant Partner. Scotch marriages—forsooth, generations ago we let the Gretna Green blacksmith know what we thought of him! In England we pay 7s. 6d. dog-tax for one dog. In Ireland it is 2s. for each dog, and 6d. stamp. Consequently one dog costs 2s. 6d. per annum, two dogs cost 4s. 6d. per annum, three dogs 6s. 6d. per annum, and so on. Here, at the Old Bailey, if you are clever enough, you can get a "mouthpiece" who is bang at the top of the tree, and if you don't insist on your solicitor paying him "cash over the counter," he can't sue you for his fee, even though your solicitor bilk him. But the Colonies know better. A "law-agent" in the Colonies, and he is a class lower than a barrister or solicitor, can distrain for £100 costs (pounds, not guineas). At home the landlord has first claim for everything. So it is in the Colonies. The question is, who has second claim. Here it is "Domestic and other servants." In the Colonies it is "The doctor who attended him in his last illness." And so it does not require a stretch of credulity to believe that a Cape doctor once declared at a card-table: "If luck does not soon mend, I shall have to kill the old lady," the "old lady" being one who had taken a house next door to the doctor, on purpose to have a sub-cutaneous injection of morphia three times a day, at the rate of half-a-guinea per injection. As a matter of fact, the "old lady" was not alive twenty-four hours after that humorous doctor had made that little joke. But it is charitable to presume that she had already paid in her checks to the old gentleman who is represented in pictures as carrying a scythe, before the doctor made the remark just quoted.

After all, these little legal niceties have been but children's legal problems compared with such as the Deemster of the Isle of Man (otherwise known as "Mona"), or the authorities in the Isle of Wight (Latinised in law-books under the name of "Vectis") could set us. The Great Vance had a song about "I'm going off to Jersey, where dogs no taxes pay." And there are thirteen pennies to the shilling in some of the Channel Islands, where "brandy is cheap," as old Eccles said in "Caste." But if anybody is really seeking trouble, let him settle down in Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, or Sark, render himself liable to serve in the local militia, quarrel with his neighbours, or refuse to speak French in the Magistrate's Court.

New South Wales has a Constitution which limits its Governor's prerogative of mercy to commuting five death sentences out of twelve. Consequently, when His Excellency has commuted his proportion of death sentences, the next man sentenced to death must be hanged. The system does not work, and it is absurd to try to restrict the royal prerogative.

In this relation it is worth while to call attention to a popular delusion. No judge can prevent the Crown from showing its clemency. The judge may use the words, "For the rest of your natural life," but that sentence is identical with that of "Penal servitude for life." In ancient Rome a Vestal Virgin had the power of pardoning a prisoner condemned to death. While the Church of Rome had temporal power in the Papal states, a cardinal could do that. With us, until recently, a retiring Colonial governor generally used to remit a few sentences, but that sort of thing is going out of fashion. There seems to have been expected in certain quarters that the Coronation in 1902 would see a general pardoning of prisoners. Such a course is better left to the proper law officers of the Crown to exercise their discretion in deserving cases.

Criminal Problems

RELATIVE PUNISHMENTS.—THE REASON FOR THE APPARENT DISCREPANCY.

It must often have struck our readers as they scan their daily papers that the punishments which are meted out for various offences appear strangely disproportionate to the crimes themselves. Why is it, one is tempted to ask, that one man will get ten years' penal servitude for forging another man's name, while a ruffian who nearly beats his wife to death is sent to gaol for but a few months? for to the casual inquirer the latter is apparently the more grievous offence. Again, it seems strange that the Hooligan can almost batter a peaceful citizen to death and receive a sentence of but a short term of imprisonment, whereas if he steal but one halfpenny from the person of his victim, at the same time he becomes eligible for a long sojourn in a convict station, besides having his back scarified with the lash. Surely that one halfpenny should not be able to make such a difference in the punishment! The ruffian who foully outrages an innocent child, ruining her socially, physically, and morally for life, has but the same fate in store for him as the needy bank-clerk who embezzles a few pounds out of the well-stocked coffers of his employers. Why is there this inequality in punishment?

The answer is to be found in the great difference between the person and property.

In the earliest times offences against the person were the only crimes, and they were equally visited with death. When the family developed into the state, when goods were no longer held in common, then theft arose, and that, too, was punished with death. Later sprung up laws dealing with property, with money and possessions, the punishment still remaining the same. Death was the one panacea for all criminal tendencies.

The Mosaic law then began to distinguish between the gravity of offences, and instituted the first punishment by fine—namely, one hundred shekels of silver as a fine for aspersing the honour of a woman. That code also ordained that flogging should be the penalty for certain minor offences. The principal crimes, however, were still regarded as those which affected the body of the individual.

Draco punished every misdeed with death, and, with slight modifications, his code held sway for a long time. Successive law-givers added and abstracted from the criminal laws as the advance of civilisation produced fresh crimes, till the penal laws became a veritable patchwork of statutes. It was not until the commencement of the last century that our own laws were revised with any serious purpose, and the capital punishment abolished for the majority of crimes. It was then that it became necessary to apportion penalties of varying severity to offences which had before met with one and the same reward. The principle which underlies our penal code is this—"The community—that is, the body corporate, is of more importance than the body individual, or the person."

At first sight this seems strange, but a little reflection will show that in reality the statement is sound. Offences which affect the body corporate are wider-spreading in their effects than those against the individual, and are more likely to be committed; therefore they must be repressed with greater vigour.

The punishment for murder was left as before, mainly on Scriptural grounds; while treason, which is but the attempted murder of the body corporate, was also to be punished capitally.

Assaults simply injure the individual, their evil effect terminates with the death of the person attacked, and is not spreading. Therefore it is punished lightly. Riots are assaults on the State, and are severely visited. Adultery, once a capital offence, is no longer punished, but criminal assault is met with imprisonment, and rape, which partakes of the nature of an offence against the State as well as against the person, is severely dealt with.

Offences against property are all grave crimes against the body corporate, for they tend to destroy security of possession, to subvert our commercial integrity, without which we could not exist, and to ruin our national credit. They are widespreading in their effects, and, unless sternly checked, are liable to increase amazingly, for each year sees the possibility of more elaborate frauds. In proportion to the ease with which they are committed, so must they be punished, the easiest requiring the sternest measures. Thus it is that the forger is so severely dealt with; his work requires little real skill, and may bear fruit years after the criminal is dead and buried. Coining, again, tends to reduce the public faith in our currency, and so is a crime against every individual.

Looked at in this light, it is clear that even the smallest theft is, in reality, a menace to the nation, and affects every member of the State. The reasons for punishments may therefore be summed up as follows: The traitor and the murderer are menaces to the entire nation, and must be suppressed; the offender against property injures many individuals, and must be heavily punished; the violent man or the wife-beater commits a limited crime, and merits but a limited penalty.

LEAVES FROM . . OUR NOTEBOOK

When the Guillotine Failed.

The boast of those countries which employ the guillotine to despatch their murderers is that the instrument cannot fail, and causes no painful scene. There is, however, one instance on record when "the widow" bungled frightfully. On Monday, February 29, 1892, a murderer named Hagemann was led out to execution. He was placed on the guillotine, the lunette adjusted, and the knife fell, but the head was not severed from the body. Appalled at the disaster, the executioner strove to wrench off the wretched man's head, but failed. He then made frantic efforts to raise the knife, intending to let it fall a second time; but the blade was jammed, and would not stir. Eventually, by hammering on the back of the knife and dragging at the head, the neck was severed and the sickening work was over.

Benefit of Clergy.

In olden times everyone who could read was accounted very learned, and was exempt from certain pains and penalties. He was called a "clerk," and was amenable to the ecclesiastical courts instead of to the civil courts. When a man who could read was indicted for an offence which, on conviction, would be punished with death, he could "plead his clergy"; that is to say, he was handed a book—usually a copy of the Psalms in Latin—and if he read a few verses correctly he was released unharmed, or was only branded. If a "clerk," who was not a priest, offended a second time, he was liable to the ordinary penalties. Later murder and treason were adjudged crimes for which "benefit of clergy" could not be pleaded, and as the masses became more educated, owing to the invention of printing, the privileges of the learned were curtailed until in the eighteenth century they were abolished.

Survived Hanging.

Though the most notable example of a person surviving hanging is that of Margaret Dixon, or "Half-hanged Maggie," whose remarkable career has been recounted in these columns, there are several other instances of the gallows not proving fatal, on record. Foders, a medical jurist, mentions a man and a woman who survived the ordeal; Morgagni recounts a similar case; Joseph Taylor, hanged at Boston Neck in May, 1788, lived many years after his legal death; Skeet's collection of old books contains the history of the life and "shameful happy death" of John Savage, "twice executed at Ratcliffe, 1688." Besides these, a surgeon, who lived in Gough Square, in the early part of last century, is said to have resuscitated the body of a Tyburn victim whom he had intended to dissect. The escaped malefactor went to America, made his fortune, and bequeathed it all to the surgeon who gave him a second lease of life. At least, so says the "Memoir of Joseph Brassbridge."

Answers to Correspondents

The Editor will be pleased to answer any suitable questions.

Forgery.—The trial you mention will shortly appear.

Legal.—The pattern of judges' robes was fixed in 1635. Before that date they wore what they liked.

R. Pettifor.—The Swami went into seclusion for seven years, while her husband was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude.

Charles.—No. The popular idea that if the rope breaks a condemned criminal is respited is erroneous. You had an example of this in No. 1 of "Famous Crimes."

Jacobus.—Newcastle is the only place where the judges of assize receive money. They are given a "jacobus" wherewith to purchase a dagger to defend themselves with.

Bravo.—We are ready to comply with any reasonable request; but you can hardly expect us to devote a day to discover the exact month in which a third rate incident took place!

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Printed and Published by HAROLD FURNISS, at Caxton House, Gough Square, Fleet Street, London.

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